Grand Dance and Concert Opera House, June 30th

The Raymond Rustler

A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RAYMOND

VOL. 7. RAYMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1909 No.57

20 per cent. Off Clothing & Oxfords at King's

Council Meeting this Week.

Special Meeting for Discussion of the Waterworks System

The town council held a special meeting on Wednesday evening last, called at the instance of Mayor Rivers. There were present Councillors Allen, O'Brien, Laycock, Evans and King, with the Mayor presiding. During the evening the council were favored with a visit of Mr. Galt, C.E., of the firm of Smith & Galt, consulting engineers of Toronto. After an introduction of the guest by Mayor Rivers, the meeting was thrown open for discussion of the waterworks system. Mr. Galt addressing the council said that he had made an inspection of the spring, and had tested it, and found it had a good flow. He was of the opinion that was an ample supply of water for years to come. He also said that he believed the water was free from contamination as far as he could determine, but remarked that it was rather hard for domestic use. However, it is as our readers know much softer than the water the town has been using. He suggested that the water from the spring be run into a basin or reservoir, and thence by gravitation run into a standpipe situated in the centre of town as nearly as possible, and from there distributed to the various parts of the town. His idea would be to use a ten inch wooden pipe from the spring to the basin, which cost would be reasonable, but strongly advised the council that the distributing system be cast-iron, as that would be the most reliable and would last for years. He said that the standpipe would need to be about 80 feet high and about 20 feet in diameter, would be a steel structure costing in the neighborhood of $7000. There was some discussion about the spring to the south of the town about ten miles, but Mr. Galt thought that the present idea of the council was the most economical. The question also was raised that the town had not a deed to the spring in question, and that it was really the property of the Alberta Irrigation Co. Mr. Galt said that he thought the Government would protect the people in this regard, as their wants were paramount. The question of filtration was then asked Mr. Galt, but he advised against it, as the expense was heavy, and he thought that the town was not in a position to bear it. When asked his company's fees for the work, Mr. Galt said that their charge was to per cent. six for readiness of plans, specifications, etc. and the extra four would be in case they took the work to do, the town of course finding all material, paying labor, etc. This was considered high by the council and we understand that the fee will be lowered in case the the above firm receive the contract. However, nothing was done in the matter as word had been received from the Provincial Government that their consulting engineer would be in our town the first of the week to look over the situation it being his duty to determine the source of supply, etc. before the work is commenced, and advise the municipality.

After a few remarks by Mayor Rivers, a motion was made tendering a hearty vote of thanks for the information Mr. Galt had so cheerfully given the council. This was carried unanimously and the meeting adjourned to meet again next week at the call of the Mayor.

Dominion Day Programme

In another column may been seen the programme for the meeting in the Opera House on Dominion Day morning. In the afternoon the different events, consisting of races, jumping, etc. will be held on the square, west of Broadway and near meeting house. After the sports we understand that the children are to have a dance in the Opera House, and in the evening one will be given for adults. Below we give list of events with prizes:

100 yard dash, Pair Cuff Links, $1.

Potato race open, stick pin $1.50

Nectie race, necktie 75c.

Three legged race open, hat $2.50

Girls race, to 15 years, parasol $1.00.

Boys race, to 15 years, running shoes, 1.00.

Boy's slow horse race, gauntlets 1.50.

Girls horse race, gauntlets 1.50.

Sack race, silk handkerchies 1.00.

Thread and needle race, sewing kit 1.00.

Married women's race, fancy china, 1.00.

Fat man's race, fancy belt 1.00.

Tug of war, teuma to be chosen, refreshments 2.00.

Throwing base ball, ball 1.00.

Kicking a football, shin guards, 1.00.

Putting the shot, a watchchain.

Walking race, fat women only, parasol 1.50.

Walking race, lean men only, pair gloves 1.50.

Boot race, bat 1.00.

Additional Locals

The Magrath Pioneer this week comments on the Rustler write-up of the game here a couple of weeks ago. It says our issue contained some very uncomplimentary remarks regarding the write-up of our Garden City contemporary. The editor of that paper says that our remarks are void of substance. We certainly would not have liked our remarks to contain the same "hot air" as the Pioneer report. Thus we are glad that our write-up was void of that substance at any rate. Our south cotem says that that the result of the game last Saturday speaks for itself. We acknowledge being beaten fairly, and extend our congratulations to the Garden City boys. The Magrath nine, we are forced to admit, won on their merits last Saturday, but on the other hand, they did not have it over our boys a couple of weeks ago. This the Pioneer knows to be true. The Pioneer also says that we paid a few uncomplimentary remarks to the editor of the Cardston Star, re the same game. Our comments were not uncomplimentary to either the Star or the Pioneer, and it would be well for the editor of the Garden City contemporary to digest well some of that "uncomplimentary" medicine himself, before he attacks other people. If our report contained such, we are sorry, but at any rate we did not show our ignorance by accusing the officials in the game of dishonesty such as the Pioneer did.

Board of Trade Meet Thursday Evening Last

Some Very Important Business was Transacted. A. F. McDuffee, Delegate to Associated Boards of Trade Convention Gives His Report.

A regular meeting af the Board of Trade was called for Thursday evening last. There were not as many present as should have been, and it too bad that these meetings cannot be attended more largely. A Board of Trade is a real live issue with any town when properly attended, and we hope that in the future the Board of Trade will have a good full house when a regular meeting is called again.

The minutes of former meeting were read and adopted. The question of widening the road at the north end of Broadway was under discussion. It was decided to petition the Deputy Minister of Public Works asked that the government do something to remedy the matter.

A motion was moved and carried that a petition be sent to the government asking them to also look into the matter of the south road, with a view to bridging the coulee which is at present unpassable and necessitates on outward way of travelling to the public.

It was moved by Dr. Rivers that the secretary [illegible] Trade communicate with A. J. McLean, M.P.P., inviting him to come to our town with a view to looking over our roads and bridges in surrounding district at as early a date as possible and to report the condition of affairs to the government. Also that the two petitions in question be circulated and a say be given to Mr. McLean for presentation to the government. This motion was seconded by Mr. Laycock and was carried unanimously.

The committee who were appointed last meeting to wait upon C. W. Card, asking him if he would accept the position of road supervisor, reported that he was willing to act, and it was decided to send a resolution to the government recommending Mr. Card for the position.

A report was asked by the Board of Mr. McDuffee, the delegate to the Convention of the Associated Boards of Trade in Saskatoon.

Mr. McDuffee said he wished to thank the Board for the honor they had shown him in sending him as a representative of Raymond to the Convention. The resolution of the Raymond Board "that whereas the rates over the A. R. & I. Co's lines are considered excessive, be it resolved that the Associated Boards of Trade of Western Canada request the railway Commission to again take the matter up that a speedy adjustment may be arrived at," was passed the Associated Boards. Mr. McDufee said that quite an objection was raised to the question by the resolution committee, claiming that it was a purely a local matter and it was thrown out at first. However, he was not discouraged and through lobbying with the different delegates he succeeded to have the resolution reconsidered. The delegates showed the Convention that the C.P.R were heavy stockholders in the A. R. & I. road, and that it was a direct hold-up to have the people pay such excessive rates. Mr. McDuffee quoted figures that proved strongly the contention of the resolution, and when the question was put to the convention it carried.

Much credit is due Mr. McDuffee, for the efforts he put forth in support of the above resolution; and the people of the south should in a measure feel gratified at the success attained by him. After the report was delivered, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. McDuffee by the Board.

Raymond Opera House

Coming Attractions

Concert by Junior Band on June 30th

July 1st, Dominion Day Celebration

Star Comedy Co., July 3

Silver King by H. Craven & Co. JULY 16th

Jeanne Russel Company July 23, 24, 26, 27

VIEWS OF THE PRESS

Commenting upon an article which appeared in the Commercial a short time ago, under the heading, "Build up home Trade," the Hartney Star says:

"To-day there is only one thing that will hold the country trade in the country store, and that is the same article of merchandise as low in price as can be procured from the City establishment."

The Winnipeg Commercial says:

"What we have been arguing for years is that the mail order goods are really not cheaper in price than the goods the country merchant sells. We have the evidence of many mail order house victims that the goods when received at points perhaps hundreds of miles from the city are not just what they were in glowing terms, cracked up to be in catalogues. "Distant fields look green" in this as in other cases. Many a man and women in the rural districts will admit their regret at having chosen an article from brilliant accounts given of it in a printed and illustrated booklet.

"When we consider the enormous expense of running the big catalogue houses, the staff of help they have at every little stall or counter, the many thousands they put in advertising, the "grand stand play" play of donations, the private railway cars and the "much travel" of firm heads we cannot help feeling that they cannot sell good merchandise so very much lower than the economizing country dealer. If the catalogue house buy goods cheaper than the smaller dealer, they spare no expense of disposing of them throughout the country, and we cannot help but think that enormous profits are made on something by the mail-order octopus. Just show us that their prices are lower than those of the country dealer when everything is considered.

Additional Locals

We regret to announce that owing to the meeting of the Cowles regatta, and the visit of the Czar of Russia, King Edward cannot be present at the celebration here on Dominion Day, and owing to the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to the Quebec Tercentenary, and of the fear of offending other dependencies the King thinks that it would not be wise to send the Royal representative. The committee have not been discouraged however, with the above disappointments, and are making all preparations for a celebration that will go down in history. Everybody and the baby will be present.

The following is an outline of the programme that will take place in the opera house in the morning on Dominion Day:

Music, Junior Band, "Maple Leaf."
Choir, patriotic song.
Chaplain, J. F. Anderson.
Address, B. S. Young, "Our Town."
Song, quartette, Strong Co.
Oration, David Elton.
Banjo specialities, Mr. Barrows
Comic recitation, J. R. Revill.
Juvenile Band, selection.
Choir, patriotic song.
Raymond Orchestra, Music.
Recitation, R. A. Gillies.
Band, "God Save the King."

Provincial Exhibition, Calgary

Notes of the Attractions to be Given at the Big Fair.

The dates for the Alberta Provincial Exhibition at Calgary this year are July 5th to 10th. Last year the Dominion Fair was held at Calgary, aided by an extra grant of $50,000, so that this year's fair would naturally be expected to be much smaller, but from present indications the 1909 exhibition will be even bigger and better than last years. The exhibition Company is spending $60,000 to make this possible. $25,000 will be offered in prizes, and exhibitors from all over Canada will compete.

In the live stock department, the horse exhibit will be an important feature, and the array of Clydesdales, Percherons, Shires and Belgians will be the greatest ever seen at any of the Canadian fairs. The cattle section will be strong as will the sheep, hogs and poultry. The attractions will be the equal of any that appear at any of the large exhibitions across the border. Music will be provided by the famous Navassar Ladies' Band of New York, as well as by the Calgary citizens Band. The great historical pageant will be the outstanding feature of the exhibition. The pageant will illustrate the development of Alberta from time the Indians roamed over the prairie to the present day. This parade will take place on the forenoon of the opening day, July 5th. Indians will lead the procession, followed by missionaries, fur traders, Northwest Mounted Police and others in appropriate uniforms. Then will follow live stock, agricultural and other parades, and finally an immense automobile parade of 50 to 75 autos. Moving pictures will be taken and shown in all parts of the world.

Other important attractions at the big exhibition will be good horse races, the C. W. Parker shows, a sensational loop-the-loop act by an American girl motor cyclist. Rube Shields, the Exhibition comedian, will be the official announcer. He is supposed to have the strongest voice in North America. Howard's dogs and ponies will perform every afternoon and evening in front of the grand stand.

Between 200 and 250 art treasure valued at $100,000, will be included in the art Loan exhibit at the Alberta Provincial Exhibition at Calgary. Mr. E. O'Brien of Montreal was successful in securing the greater part of this valuable collection from private art galleries in London, Paris, and Canadian cities, has notified Manager Richardson of the Exhibition Co., that the pictures were shipped from Montreal June the 12th. The addition to the Pavilion on the exhibition grounds which is being built for this collection, will be fitted up artistically for the occasion.

Given fine weather the Alberta Provincial Exhibition should be a grand success.

Our Bean Cake Queen

OUR Social Club was in a bad way. It was disturbing enough when some of the girls had threatened "never to speak," but when dissension arose among the boys, most of us gave up hope, and agreed it would be best to break up the organization.

"But since we're in such a good position financially, and have been so very successful with our entertainments, I think it would be a shame to give up everything," said Elizabeth Garrett to me, as we were talking together in my home. Elizabeth, you must know, is the club's historian. In addition to her duties as secretary, she must carefully post our entertainment committee on the coming of any days which should be appropriately celebrated. This was a task Elizabeth greatly enjoyed; and, as there was hardly an important event in past history or in literature which we did not honor, our information steadily increased.

"And must the subjects of this king or queen do whatever she tells them?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Elizabeth. And then she added in great excitement: "Do you know, Helen, I've a splendid idea!"

Her errand this day had something to do with a Twelfth Night entertainment on January 6. I was chairman of the entertainment committee, you know, and she was kindly giving me the complete history of the day, from the time Melchior, Caspar and Balthasar, with their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, paid the memorable visit to Bethlehem, down to the present moment.

"I think, however," said she, "that instead of basing our entertainment upon the drama of the 'Feast of the Three Kings,' or the 'Feast of the Star,' as it is called, we should make use of the legends and games employed during the middle ages. In England, for example, it was the custom to hide a bean in a cake, and whoever received this bean when the slices of cake were distributed, became king or queen—the monarch who had the ordering of the evening's entertainment."

"Well, that's a splendid idea!" I exclaimed. "Do you know, Helen, I was actually quick to share the secret. Before we separated, it was agreed that I should secure that the entertainment was held in my house, and that I should arrange to have Elizabeth discover the bean in her slice of cake.

"I feel like a criminal," murmured Elizabeth to me when we met at the night of the party. We laughed together, as I assured her that I was sure we'd never be found out, and that my conscience wouldn't bother me.

From what you already know, the fact that Elizabeth WAS elected queen for the evening will probably not astonish you. All were merrily breaking the cake to discover the bean, when Elizabeth threw up her hand.

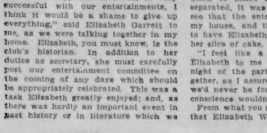
"How to your queen!" cried she. Sure enough, she held the bean.

Then she queen rose. Although she smiled, there was a grave expression on her face, as she said:

"I wish to rule only over subjects who are good friends one with the other. So before we go any further, I think that Lillian and Mary better kiss and make up. Nor do I think it would be a bad idea for Tom and Joe to shake hands."

The members looked shamefacedly at one another. Then, moved by a common impulse, all those who had disagreed shook hands heartily.

Peace and happiness was again restored to the club. The entertainment which then took place was the most enjoyable we had had for many a month —thanks to our "Bean-Cake" queen, Elizabeth.



ELIZABETH FINDS THE BEAN

Reasons for Snow

Wheel Run by Siphon Power

THIS drawing shows how a simple wheel may be operated by a siphon. The wheel can be easily made from pieces of wooden boxes,

and for the siphon itself a rubber tube may be used. That arm of the siphon which is placed in the water must be shorter than the other arm. Water must be sucked through the tube after it is placed in position, so that the siphon may begin running. Of course, the wheel is turned by a steady stream of water dropping on the paddles.

Princesses Gardening

PRINCESS IOLANDE, the 7-year-old daughter of the king and queen of Italy, and her 5-year-old sister, Princess Matalda, look forward with the greatest delight to a visit to their grandmother, Queen Margherita. They spend the greater part of their holidays riding and driving with the dowager queen. Gardening is the pastime they enjoy best of all, and each has a little plot at her own disposal. They are rather serious-minded little girls, although they play ball to amuse their brother, the little Prince Umberto, who is only 4 years old.

In Jamaica, the appearance of fireflies in unusual numbers is an indication of approaching rain.

Of the 550 sorts of birds found in Great Britain, only 140 are residents all the year round.

Everybody knows that busybody has a nose for scandal.

The population of Austria-Hungary is nearly 50,000,000. More than half of this number are Austrians.

HANDING OUT JUSTICE

QUEER SENTENCES IMPOSED BY THE BENCH.

Freakish Punishments are Sometimes Decreed by the Presiding Magistrate.

"To make the punishment fit the crime," as Gilbert wrote, should be the ambition of all those in whose hands rests the administration of justice.

Law, unfortunately, interferes sadly with the desires of just-minded people, but now and then one hears of an individual with sufficient good sense or strength of mind to decree a fit and appropriate punishment.

For instance, at Geneva, two small boys were charged with stealing from a store, and were found guilty.

Said the magistrate: "I am not going to send you to prison. I decree that you shall attend Sunday-school every Sunday for the next fifty-two Sundays, and I make your parents responsible for the sentence being duly carried out."

A similar case occurred at Bloomington, Illinois, a few months ago. In this case the offender, a boy of nine, was the son of a well-to-do people, and it was clear on the face of it that his mother had spoilt him shamefully. The magistrate decreed that the mother should take her boy into his private room and administer corporal punishment. He himself watched the proceedings in order to see that the chastisement was duly carried out.

At Denver, Colorado, when a tipsy man is brought into the police-station, he is propped up against the wall and at once photographed. Next morning,

WHEN HE IS SOBER,

he is shown the picture, and they say it is quite surprising how many absolute cures have been effected by this simple proceeding.

Another cure for drunkenness, which was distinctly efficacious, stands to the credit of a lady living at Chester, Connecticut. Her husband spent, one night after night, the worse for liquor. At last the poor lady, losing all patience, burnt his clothes, and refused to buy him another suit until he had taken the pledge.

Last August a number of tramps stealing transportation westwards, which they do in numbers, in order to spend the winter on the Pacific coast, found their journey suddenly and unexpectedly brought to an end. On the contrary, they were given free accommodation. To their horror, however, when they reached Nebraska, they were forced to alight, and were seized by sun-faced farmers, who set them to work at once in the harvest field.

Now and then you hear of punishments which are purely freakish. Ludwig Tesnow, the German child murderer, who was caught at Griefswald about a year ago, was tried on three counts—two of murder, one of murderous assault. He was sentenced to be beheaded twice and two years' imprisonment into the bargain.

An Italian swindler, Lupo Salvatore by name, was recently found guilty on no fewer than sixty-three separate charges, and received a sentence of

THREE YEARS' IMPRISONMENT

on each. He is hardly likely to survive 189 years in an Italian prison.

A railway company, the North-Eastern, took an odd method of punishing a passenger who refused to leave a saloon carriage when he had only an ordinary third-class ticket. They took the carriage off, backed it into a siding, and left it there. The passenger sued for damages for loss of time, but, though he failed to recover, the judge refused to give the company costs. He said they should have locked the carriage if it was to be reserved.

A punishment which got the perpetrators into serious trouble concerned a boy of twelve and a pot of green paint. The boy, who ran errands for a grocer, did something which annoyed his employer, who stripped him and painted him green. The boy nearly died, and the grocer was very heavily fined.

The latest of queer punishments comes from New York. A well-known music-hall manager has found that half a dozen of his chorus girls are becoming very stout. He has knocked off late suppers, until each can show reductions of avoirdupois varying in individual cases from ten to twenty pounds.—Pearson's Weekly.

PRESERVING FLOUR.

Much interest has been shown of late by the Army and Navy authorities in a new method of preserving flour by means of compression. With hydraulic pressure apparatus the flour is squeezed into the form of bricks, and experiments are reported to have shown that the pressure destroys all forms of larva life, thus preserving the flour from the ravages of insects, while it is equally secure from mould. Three hundred pounds of compressed flour occupy the same space as one hundred pound of flour in the ordinary state.

CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

A Fur-Trader's Experience in British Columbia.

The fur-trader sat on the steamer wharf at Quebec, leaning back on a packing-box. For a moment he looked down at the first sheet of ice that had skimmed the broad St. Lawrence; then he said, "That ice there is about as thick as it was the time I got caught on my first trip north into the barrens.

"Another fellow by the name of Andrew Dameson and myself had been trading with Indians in British Columbia. We broke camp at the end of the season, and started to the nearest settlement, which was ten miles south of us, with a big lake lying between. We found the ice had all gone out, and we couldn't cross on sledges, as we did when we came up. To go round the lake meant a mean journey on account of the marshes, and our provisions were used up and we had already sent our pelts out, there didn't seem to be any reason why we shouldn't paddle the six miles across. Our outfit was light, and we figured we could reach the other side before dark.

"There were a few Indians, who were coming in with skins, saw us as we were setting out, and yelled to us something about the ice. Lad, or on, I wished I'd listened to them.

"We got along well until about the middle of the afternoon, when the wind whirled around into the north, and it got cold within ten minutes. It began to snow, too, and the ice got smooth and then thick and thicker, until we couldn't see a canoe's length ahead of us.

"There was only one thing to do, and that was spread out the blankets into a kind of awning, and curl up to sleep and wait for the morning, when we could see our way.

"Damson woke me at daylight and I looked out. The fall of snow had been light. We were about a hundred yards from the shore, and I could see that the storm had blown over quickly. But on every side the lake was covered with ice, not nearly enough to hold a man, and not thin enough for a boat to push through.

"'Damson,' said I, looking sober, 'we'd be in a bad way if this ice couldn't get strong enough to walk on, or else melt enough so we could paddle. There isn't anything left but a half a ton of beans, and this canoe is leaking.'

"The hours went by. We ate nearly all our provisions, and I was over the next night pretty anxious, for we could hear the ice cracking to keep out of the water, and it was gradually rising in the canoe. The next morning the ice was still too strong to soak through, and yet it was too weak to hold us.

"Then Andy hit upon a plan. He first tore out two of the braces that ran from side to side of the canoe.

"'What are you going to do?' says I.

"'I'm going to build an icecraft,' says he, and he lashed the braces across the end of the paddles. Then he tore pieces of birch bark out of the sides of the canoe, fastened them across between the paddles, and finally had a patchwork raft nearly six feet long and four feet broad. There,' said he, 'that will spread your weight over a bigger area of ice, and you can lie down on it and push with your toes. You go first. It will hold you all right, but it won't hold both of us.'

"'How shall I send the raft back to you?' said I.

"'I've already thought of that,' said he. 'Take this ball of cord we used for tying up the skins. I'll tie this on the raft here. If anything happens to you I may be able to pull you out, and if you get there all right I can haul the raft back.'

"The raft would just barely hold me up, and it was ticklish work pushing my way to shore, spread out on my stomach on the raft; but I accomplished it at last.

"Then he pulled the raft back to the canoe, and for a moment I couldn't see what he was doing with the cord. But all of a sudden he stood up and threw something that looked like a ball of cord right between us, but glanced and slid along the ice almost to my feet. It was his heavy hunting knife with the cord tied on to it.

"'Haul away!' said he, when he had spread himself out on the raft. 'Easy! easy!' and at last I managed to pull him to shore. I never felt anything better than the solid ground under my feet. If it hadn't been for Andy's ingenuity, it would have been starvation or drowning or freezing for both of us."

$4,000 FOR A SERMON.

The most costly bit of preaching in the world was delivered on Whit Sunday in Elberfeld, a town in Rhenish Prussia, on the River Wuppa. The preacher received, for a sermon lasting about half an hour, a sum of $4,000. The origin of this custom dates back to the year 1690, when a wealthy French baron named Favart died and bequeathed a legacy to the Protestant church in that town, on the understanding that every year a clergyman selected from among those holding the poorest livings in the diocese should preach a short sermon extolling the good deeds of the deceased baron.

INDIAN TRAINING.

How the Mother Teaches the Child Nasal Breathing.

The Indian believes absolutely in nasal breathing. "Again and again," writes Mr. George Wharton James in "What the White Race May Learn from the Indian," "have I seen the Indian mother, as soon as the child was born, watch it to see if it breathed properly. If not, she would at once pinch the child's lips together, and keep them pinched until the breath was taken in and exhaled easily and naturally through the nostrils. If this did not answer, she would take a strip of buckskin, and tie it as a bandage below the chin and over the crown of the head, forcing the jaws together; and then, with another bandage of buckskin, she covered the lips of the little one. Thus the habit of nasal breathing was formed immediately the child saw the light, and it knew no other method.

"But not only do the Indians breathe through the nose; they are also experts in the art of deep breathing. When I first began to visit the Hopis, in northern Arizona, I was awakened every morning in the 'wee sma' hours,' as I slept in my blankets in the open at the foot of the mesa upon which the towns are located, by cow-bells, as if a number of cows were being driven out to pasture. But in the daytime I could see no cows nor any evidence of their existence. When I asked where they were, my question brought forth nothing but a wonderful stare.

"'Cows! They had no cows. What did I mean? Then I explained about the bells, and as I explained, a broad laugh burst upon my ears.

"'Cows! Those are not cows. To-morrow morning, when you hear them, you jump up and watch.'

"I did so, and to my amazement I saw, fleeing through the early morning dusk, a score of naked youths, each one of whom a cow-bell was dangling from a rope or strap round his waist. Later I learned that every young man was obliged to run five or fifteen or twenty miles, and even double this distance, upon certain allotted mornings. This develops a lung capacity that is nothing short of marvelous."

AUSTRALIAN'S ROMANCE.

A Picture in the Academy Recalled Love of Youth.

Many years ago a rich and middle aged Australian was visiting the Academy exhibition in London when his attention was arrested by the picture of a beautiful young girl "in maiden meditation." Quick as a flash the picture carried his memory back twenty years and more; for the face was an exact duplicate of one that he had known and loved in his early manhood—that of a girl who returned his affection, but who had been treacherously stolen from him by a false friend. Mr. Phillips (for that was the Australian's name) promptly set to work to trace the original of the picture, who proved to be an artist's model, and discovered that she was the daughter of his love of younger days. She had lost both parents in early girlhood and was earning a poor living by sitting to artists. Struck by her pathetic loneliness and by a beauty which revived so many tender memories, he asked her to be his wife. To-day the lady thus romantically found and won is one of the most popular leaders of Victorian society.

GIRL AS POLICEMAN.

The city of Honolulu has a woman policeman, and she is not only young and pretty, but wealthy. She is Miss Helen Wilder, and her father is one of the great sugar kings of the Pacific, worth several millions. It was her love of children and animals which caused this young woman of 24 to seek this appointment. She is a mounted officer, and wears on her soft felt hat the silver badge of her calling. She carries a revolver. Not long ago this unusual young woman found that the captain of a vessel which had lately put into port had for some slight offence locked his two little girls in a cabin and kept them on bread and water for three days. Alone she went aboard the vessel and ordered the protesting ruffian ashore, where he was duly punished.

MUSICAL FISH.

Lake Batticaloa, Ceylon, has the probably unique distinction of being the home of musical fish. The sounds emitted by these are said to be as sweet and melodious as those which can be produced by a series of Aeolian harps. Crossing the lake in a boat one can plainly distinguish the pleasant sounds. If an oar is dipped in the water the melody becomes louder and more distinct.

A RISING FALL.

A certain member of the British government, who was admittedly a great failure, was being discussed by two of his colleagues.

"And now," concluded one, "they want to make him a peer!"

"No," said the other, with greater acumen, "they want to make him disappear."

LORD MAYORS' SALARIES

EXPENSES OF OFFICE EXCEED THE PAY.

English Towns do Not Give Yearly Wage to Their Chief Magistrates.

That the Lord Mayor of London, in addition to the use and enjoyment of the Mansion House during his term of office, receives a salary of about £11,000 is well known; but when the fact is taken into consideration that his Lordship defrays half the cost of the show and banquet (the other half being apportioned between the two sheriffs), that will alone cost him a couple of thousand pounds, it will be apparent to all that his official salary does not go far, says London Tit-Bits. The sum that his Lordship is privileged to provide out of his own purse naturally varies; the Lord Mayor of a Coronation year, for instance, will find the expenses considerably more than he who holds office in an ordinary twelve months; but in any case the premier magistrate must be prepared to spend from £15,000 to £20,000 of his own money in addition to his official income.

The question of mayoral salaries has of late engaged the attention of a number of municipalities, and in several instances the most strenuous opposers of an additional burden on the rates have been the mayors themselves.

IN CITY BOROUGHS.

When a number of new boroughs recently came into being in the metropolis, Lewisham decided to pay her mayor £800 a year; Hampstead followed suit with £300, and Woolwich with £200. But when Camberwell smilingly proffered her cheque for £500 for the same object she reckoned without her first mayor, for Mr. Matthew Wallace, the gentleman in question, promptly declined the same on the ground that he would not accept fee or reward—a very generous decision, for it is a well-known fact that the mayor of a London borough may easily find himself from £300 to £1,500 out of pocket at the close of his term. In 1894 the mayor of Bournemouth strenuously opposed the proposal that he should be presented with a salary of £300 (a course that his successor likewise adopted); while at the close of Lord Derby's term of office as Lord Mayor of Liverpool that nobleman returned his official salary of £2,000 with the suggestion that it should be distributed among the industrial institutions of the city. In addition to the sum of £2,000, by the way, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool receives a grant of £700 for carriages and horses.

IN THE PROVINCES.

Some few years ago, when the question of the Mayor of Cardiff's official salary was under consideration, the then occupant of the mayoral chair confessed that, independently of his salary, which was then £500, he had spent £2,000 of which sum the holding of the Royal Agricultural Show in his city alone entailed an expenditure on his part of £700. The salary was eventually advanced to £1,500, or £500 more than the Lord Provost of Edinburgh receives, and £450 more than the amount that the Mayor of Bristol as a general rule is the recipient.

The Bristol councillors, by the way, are of a generous turn of mind, and when, recently, Royalty visited the ancient port an extra allowance of £1,000 was voted for the replenishment of the mayoral purse, a course that will doubtless be pursued in the case of the Mayor of Scarborough next year, when the Prince of Wales is expected to open the new esplanade. The Queen of Watering Places' mayor, like his brother of Bolton, receives as a rule £500 per annum, which is £200 more than Swansea mayor is the recipient of, and £300 more than the privy purse of either Bath or Folkeston is worth.

SMALL SALARIES.

It is somewhat surprising that a port as important as Dover should only assist its mayor to the same extent as Durham—that is to say, with a douceur of £150, but even that sum is £50 in excess of the official salaries of Oxford's, Berwick-on-Tweed's, and Dundee's chief magistrates, £100 in excess of that of Oxford's mayor, and £130 more than the official salary of Grimsby's mayor.

SAID OF WOMEN.

Most women would rather be envied than educated.

The woman who hasn't a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence.

Married women are living conundrums that keep their husbands continually guessing.

If you see a man making love to a woman in public, you may feel sure she isn't his wife.

When one woman confides her secret to another woman, she gives that other credit for having more sense than she has herself.

Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XI.

Joel stopped at the first telegraph office and sent off a telegram to Lord Harecastle.

"I must see you at once upon a matter that vitally concerns your father. I shall expect you to call at my house this afternoon."

"I think that is strong enough; and it ought to fetch him," he said to himself. He then proceeded to his house in Park Lane for lunch.

It was a magnificent palace that Joel had built for himself, but he had not made the usual mistake of the nouveau riche. The decorations were quiet and subdued, and in spite of the money that had been so freely lavished, there was a home-like air that appealed to one.

"I expect Lord Harecastle will stay to dinner to-night, Rachael," he said to Mrs. Goldberg, but his eyes were on his daughter, and he noticed the evident pleasure that the news gave to her.

While they were at lunch a telegram arrived from Lord Harecastle to the effect that he would call at six o'clock. Joel had not a doubt but that he possessed a weapon in the cipher letters that would compel Lord Harecastle to do his bidding. He did not like the course that he was about to pursue. He knew that he would be guilty of blackmail, although what he thought to be his daughter's happiness, and not money, was to be his payment. It never occurred to him that Rebekah might resent a husband brought to the altar in such a manner. He thought that his daughter was still but a child, and he had mistaken her sweet disposition and kindly nature for pliability. He never imagined that she possessed any of the strength of character that had brought him his wealth.

He deceived himself in thinking that his sole idea in bringing about this marriage was her happiness. He was not guilty of self-analysis or he would have been conscious of his own that a desire to have his own way, to overcome opposition, animated him in a greater degree.

He approached the interview with the utmost confidence; and he received Lord Harecastle with a genial smile that did not receive a flattering response.

"Of course I had to come when I received your wire, Mr. Joel, but——" Lord Harecastle began coldly.

"You took a wise course, my lord. What I have to say is of the utmost gravity; but before I begin, I want to impress upon you that I have none but the most friendly feelings. I shall probably cause you pain, but you must remember that I warned you at our last interview."

"I have come at some inconvenience to myself, and I must ask you to be as short as possible," Lord Harecastle said frigidly.

"With pleasure. I ask you to reconsider your decision. Will you marry my daughter?" Joel asked bluntly.

"No," was the decisive answer.

"You must. I appeal to you to consent. I do not want to be compelled to pursue a distasteful course, one that will cause you much suffering."

"You will please yourself, Mr. Joseph. I have given you my decision until I am sick of doing so. You are very persistent."

"If you refuse I shall be compelled to ruin your father and yourself."

Lord Harecastle laughed contemptuously.

"That sounds rather like blackmail," he said incisively.

"You may term it what you like, but it will not turn me from my purpose. Unless you give me your word of honor that you will marry my daughter I will make your father's name stink in the nostrils of every decent man," Joel said with cold menace.

"You are talking rubbish," Lord Harecastle replied, but there was uneasiness in his demeanor.

"I never talk unless I mean to act. You thoroughly misunderstand my character. I possess certain information, backed by indisputable evidence, that, if published to the world, will have the effect that I have stated. Upon my honor, I am speaking the truth."

"Honor!" Harecastle laughed disdainfully. "Your very words convict you of being devoid of such a thing. Do your worst, Mr. Joel Joseph."

"Very well. Good evening, my lord," Joel said coolly.

But his visitor made no movement to go. Harecastle was preserving a bold front, but Joel's words had carried conviction with them. This man held a secret! but was it as terrible as he tried to make out? It was a matter to be sifted to the bottom, and distasteful as it was, the task must be carried out.

"Let us understand one another. You suggest that, rather than marry your daughter, you will publish to the world certain facts that will ruin my father?"

"That is so."

"What are those facts?" Harecastle asked sternly.

"Believe me, I would much rather not answer that question. Trust me, and do what I ask."

"That is impossible. Whatever happens, I must know."

"As you please, but don't say that I did not warn you."

Joel produced the cipher letters from his desk.

"I believe that I am doing right in the course that I am taking. My daughter loves you, and you are responsible for that. I must consider my daughter's happiness before everything." Joel said as if he were excusing himself.

For a moment he almost appeared to waver as he saw the look of pain drawn face with which Lord Harecastle was awaiting him to continue. At last he began to speak slowly and impressively.

"Your father has been guilty of the blackest treachery. He sold his country to Russia. There lies the proof."

Harecastle sprang to his feet, and he stood towering over the Jew with clenched fists.

"How dare you say that, you liar, you scum of the earth!" he cried passionately.

Joel did not move a muscle.

"I speak the truth," he answered solemnly.

His victim looked at him wildly. Too stunned for words, he sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands. Joel maintained silence, looking on with a mingling of pity and triumph. The latter feeling predominated; for he now felt convinced that he would win.

"Let me see," Harecastle said huskily, and he held out his hand for the papers.

"The letters are in cipher, but here is a decoded copy."

His fingers trembled as he took the typewritten piece of foolscap. For a while the letters danced before his eyes, and he passed his hand wearily over his forehead.

It was not necessary for him to read the document, for he had already realized that Joel was speaking the truth. The words before him burnt themselves into his mind, and as he gave to hand it back he staggered. The blow had been a terrible one and he was only beginning to realize what this meant to him. A life's respect, honor and love to be blasted in a moment. True that his fathers' conduct with reference to his debts had been far from satisfactory, but that did not prepare him for this awful revelation.

Joel gave him ample time to recover himself, but he intended to strike home while the wound was still fresh. He wished first to obtain Harecastle's promise, and then he would give him a little rope.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked at last.

"I must believe it," he replied dully.

"What have you to say? Are you prepared to do what I ask?"

"You can't mean it, Mr. Joseph. Do you think that your daughter's happiness would be made by forcing a husband upon her by such terrible means?"

"That is not the point that we are discussing. I am satisfied that you shall be her husband."

"I can't marry her, Mr. Joseph. I am engaged, and my honor is bound to Miss Fetherston."

"Do you think she would marry the son of a traitor?"

"She would marry me, for she loves me. I have done nothing of which I am ashamed," Harecastle said bravely.

"I am awaiting your decision. You know the alternative," Joel said impatiently.

"Do you wish to drive me mad? Can't you leave me alone? I must think," Harecastle said impetuously, and he began to pace restlessly to and fro.

His first feeling was one of gladness that his engagement to Ethel Fetherston had not been made public, for the choice before him was a terrible one—between the disgrace of his family and the repudiation of his own plighted word. He must consent either to the dishonor of his father's name, or to sacrifice his own dearest hopes and inflict an irreparable injury on the girl he loved.

"I will settle a million on Rebekah," Joel broke in on his reflections.

"Confound your money! Can't you be quiet!" Harecastle cried savagely, for he felt nothing but hatred of the man who was calmly watching his agony of soul.

The happiness that had so recently come to him. What would Ethel think? She would deem him a scoundrel, for how could he explain to her his position? It would be impossible to tell her of his father's dishonor as she would be forced to believe that he was fickle.

Should he dare Joel to do his worst? He looked at the keen face, the firm chin and mouth. No. This was a man who could be ruthless, who would fulfill his threat, be the result what it might. Then there was his father to consider; such a disclosure would mean his death-blow. He looked again eagerly to see if there might be any trace of weakening on Joel's face. He decided to sink his pride and to make a final appeal to his compassion.

"You have me in your power, Mr. Joseph. I appeal to you for mercy. You suggest that, rather than marry your daughter, you will publish to the world certain facts that will ruin my father."

"That is so."

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—The—
Raymond Rustler

Published every Friday morning at Raymond

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Established 1902. Name changed from The Raymond Chronicle" to "The Raymond Rustler" Oct. 1907.

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OTTO L. CARR
Editor and Publisher

Friday, June 25, 1909

Speaking of the future development of Western Canada, Hugh McKellar, Moose Jaw, says that a feature of the rapid progress in Western Canada will be in the building up of industries to convert raw material into the finished product. When blocks of land can no longer be secured by speculators on small cash payments to be turned over to actual settlers in a few months or even a year at great profits, capitalists will turn their attention to industries that will yield them remunerative profits from year to year for all time to come. The principle underly such industrial works is the same as now applies to banks. Banks are not speculators, they depend wholly upon dividends. Flour mills, flax mills, tanneries, woollen mills, creameries, brick plants, sewer pipe plants, will all be found safe investment for capital, for the raw material is with us and the consumption of the finished product will always be within our own borders. The same may be said regarding the manufacture of all kinds of wood work, for in some portion of the three prairie provinces timber is found in abundance.

• •

Farming must be looked upon as a regular business on which the farmer must make a profit as in the case of any other business It is very important to the tiller of the land whether an acre gives $10.00 of a return or $20.00. Rushing the area cultivated in order to reach a certain income at the sacrifice of proper work, is a poor policy. It is more profitable to secure $15 an acre from 100 acres than $10 an acre from 150 acres. The importance of giving the soil "half a chance" should be impressed upon all the farmers of the prairie country, or the average yield per acre will dwindle down as in parts of the United States. Prof. Roberts formerly Dean of the College of Agriculture at Cornell estimates that many grain and hay farmers in the United States are working for 50c a day or less and boarding themselves. This conclusion is arrived at from the statistical returns which place the average shield of wheat for the year of the latest census compilation at twelve and a half bushels per acre, and the average price at 50 1-5 cents per bushels. This gives an average income of $7 02½ per acre. On the basis of calculation, and taking into account the cost of production, Prof. Roberts arrives at the discouraging conclusion that there is only a net return of 5 c per day for the working farmer. He declares that were it not for the great area of the virgin soil which has heretofore been available for farmers moving from place to place the agricultural population would long since have fallen to the condition of the European peasants. So far as the European peasants are concerned they receive prices based on the same open competition which determines those obtained by the United States farmer, and their cost of supplies is as a rule much lower. The only reason discernable for an economic difference is the larger area available for each individual cultivator in the United States and the greater fertility of the soil. Years of exhaustive farming and the crowding of population will make conditions similar, and it may not be possible to avert similar results.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Tenders are requested for the erection of a 12 room brick school building at Raymond, Alta, for the Raymond School District No 700. (Tenders for Heating, ventilating and plumbing not included) All tenders are to be sealed and endorsed and must reach the Secretary before noon June 19th 1909.

A certified cheque or a bond in the sum of $2000.00 must accompany each tender, which will be returned to unsuccessful bidder.

The lowest or any teuder not necessarly accepted. Plans and specifications may be obtained from R. B. Rolfson, architect, Lethbridge or the Secretary at Raymond Alta.

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Lucus county.

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Sworn before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A . D- 1886.

(seal.) A. W. GLEASON,
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The Hawaiian Death Prayer.

Upon the minds of such a people as the Hawaiians were, while under their ancient form of religion, it was but natural that superstition should gain a rooted hold. The most curious and effective belief to which they were made victims was that a man can be prayed to death, a belief that survives among the natives to the present day. For the success of the tragical death prayer it was necessary to obtain some hair or a piece of finger nail of the intended victim. A priest was then employed to use incantation and prayer for his destruction. Always informed of the doom that the priest was invoking upon him, the victim generally pined away and died.

There is a story that an Englishman in the service of Kamehameha I. having incurred the displeasure of a priest, the latter proceeded to "remove" him by the death prayer process. The Anglo-Saxon, however, set up an opposition altar in derision and jokingly proclaimed that he intended to pray the priest to death. Alarmed at the threat and overwhelmed at the failure of his own incantations, the sorcerer died, proving by his death his faith in his religion.

The Social Capital.

We do not think that either Washington or New York or any other city will ever become the social capital of the United States as London is the social capital of Great Britain. Washington will come much nearer to it than it does at present, but the country is too big to have a social capital. Hordes of people will come to New York to make money, to amuse themselves, to study, to live their lives in the least restricted atmosphere that the country offers, but only very rich people will come here to find and occupy a place in organized society. Pleasant people will always find pleasant playmates here. There is no lack of good company for everybody that is companionable. But the charm of New York for people who still live elsewhere is not in its society, but in its shops and shows, its sunshine, its eating and its drinking. It is pleasant. It grows finer every day. When it is finished it will be a marvelous city, but hardly the social capital of the country.

A Finny Acrobat.

No two leaps of the tarpon are quite alike. As the tarpon comes out into day his jaws distend, his gills flap open, and the mullet bait flies out across the water for a hundred feet, while he reiches at the hook, shaking his head angrily from side to side, like a horse that fights his bit. In midflight he will turn and cut into the stream with a head on dive that makes a perfect cleavage of the wiitened water. His next emergence may be a back somersault and his third a long distance jump with no height to it, but a horizontal spin in feet. With infinite spirit he will contuse his play—chronically worn out, when the spring and somersaulting lapse into a long, rolling stroke from side to side, showing the two foot dorsal filament, which waves and floats out behind, like some independent water creature.—Country Life In America.

The Knowledge That Pays.

If you glance round at the work of some of our big men you will be surprised to see how many have made their reputation by doing one small thing, but doing it well. If a man gets to the front in one narrow subject the world credits him with knowledge of all the rest. It is, however, even easier to acquire a large general knowledge than an advanced special knowledge of one narrow subject. The specialty must not be too narrow either. It is often said that the pursuit of knowledge has a nobility of its own. But what knowledge? No knowledge is worth obtaining for its own or any other sake unless it is or will probably be useful to man.—James Swinburne in Electrical Review.

Could Be Happy If We Wished.

If in a less fortunate time than ours, when the resources of mind and body were less varied and plentiful than they are now, men and women took delight in life, warmed both hands at its fire and filled their hearts with joy and gladness, may we not conclude that they were happy simply because they lived, as we might, in the right way, and put to their right uses that which was provided for them?

Overeducated Hindoos.

There exists among India's educated classes a mad desire for professional vocations. Take a walk in certain streets in India, and you will observe a perfect panorama of signboard depicting professional callings, and the business houses are principally conspicuous by their absence.—Times of India.

Time to Begin.

Are you doing as much to brighten this world as a single sunbeam does? Are you scattering as much fragrance in the lives about you as is shed by one little violet? Do you refresh tired hearts as a drop of rain refreshes a drooping plant? If not, it is time to begin.

His Economy.

Wyte—Browne is very economical, isn't he? Black—Browne? Well, I'll tell you. Browne is the sort of man who, when he wants an awl and hasn't any, instead of buying one will go to work to make one by straightening out a corkscrew.

A Puzzle.

Miss Snowflake—What did Jim Jackson git married for? Miss Washtubbs—Goodness only knows! He keeps right on workin'.

Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe.

REAPED AS HE SOWED.

The Crop That Was Raised by Meissonier's Clever Gardener.

Meissonier, like many other celebrities, had a passon for gardening. His gardener, an accomplished botanist, knew to perfection the seeds of every plant, and his master had often tried in vain to throw him off his guard.

"This time I have him," the artist remarked to a party of friends at the dinner table. And he showed them a packet containing the dried roe of a herring. He then sent for the gardener.

"Do you know this seed?" Meissonier inquired.

The gardener carefully scrutinized the grains.

"Why not?" he said at last. "They are the seeds of the 'Polpus finsamus,' a very rare tropical plant."

"How long will they be coming up?" Meissonier asked, with a chuckle of suppressed exultation.

"About a fortnight," was the reply.

Two weeks later the guests were again assembled at Meissonier's table, and after dinner the gardener was announced.

"M. Meissonier," the man said, "the seed has just come up."

"Ah, you surprise me!" the artist exclaimed as he rose and led the way into the garden to examine the botanical phenomenon.

The gardener lifted a glass shade and disclosed to view a small bed with three rows of pickled herrings' heads pegging out of the earth. Everybody laughed. Meissonier dismissed the gardener on the spot, but took him on again next day.

THE DANCE IN SPAIN.

It Is an Essential Part of the Life of the People.

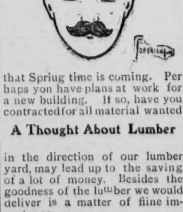
Dancing is a universal instinct with Spanish women. The great annual feria at Seville is largely an orgy of dancing. As evening approaches everywhere one begins to hear the sound of castanets and to see the gracious movements of the seguidilla, the universal Andalusian dance.

But the fundamental instincts of the Spaniard for dancing and the serious and profound way in which it expresses the temperament of the people are perhaps shown by nothing else so much as by the existence of religious dancing in Spain. At the time of St. Thomas of Villaneuva, bishop of Valencia, it was customary to dance before the sacred elements in the churches of Seville, Toledo, Jerez and Valencia. Religious dancing continued to be common in Catalonia and in Roussillon (the most Spanish of the French provinces) up to the seventeenth century.

But a real and unique survival of religious dancing is the dance of the seises in Seville cathedral, when the chorister-seises, the same number as they were 400 years ago, perform a dance to the accompaniment of castanets in the space between the high altar and the choir.

Dancing is something more than an amusement in Spain. It is part of that solemn ritual which enters into the whole life of the people.—Twentieth Century Home.

Bear in Mind



that Spriug time is coming. Perhaps you have plans at work for a new building. If so, have you contracted for all material wanted

A Thought About Lumber

in the direction of our lumber yard, may lead up to the saving of a lot of money. Besides the goodness of the lumber we would deliver is a matter of fiine importance.

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C.W. LAMB, Local Manager

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Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints

Sunday Services:

Sunday School at 10 a.m.
Afternoon Service at 2 p.m.
Evening Service at 7:30 p.m.

All are welcome

JOHN F. ANDERSON, Bishop

Presbyterian Church

Sunday Services:

Raymond 7:30 p.m.
Sunday School 2:30 p.m.
Wednesday Eve. Lecture 8 p.m.
Magrath 2 p.m.

All are welcome to these services

JOHN J. CAMERON, M.A. Pastor

Synopsis of Canadian North-west

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered sections of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of the family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Land Agency or Subagency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned soley by him not less than eighty (80) acres in extent in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of

W. W. CORY
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Synopsis of Col Mining Regulations

Coal mining rights of the Dominion, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, the Yukon Territory, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty one years at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,500 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Application for a lease must be made to the Agent or sub-agent of the district in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal sub-divisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee of $5 which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available but not otherwise A royality shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at a rate of five cents per ton.

Every lessee of coal mining rights which are not being operated shall furnish the district agent of Dominion Lands with a sworn statement to that effect at least once in each year.

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of $10 an acre.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to any Agent or Sub-agent of Dominion Lands.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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CALGARY
JUNE 5th to 10th 1909
Western Canada's Greatest Agricultural Fair
A Very Liberal Prize List.
$60,000 To Be EXPENDED

Do Not Miss The Great Historial Pageant MONDAY Morning, July 5th. Worth going round the world to see.

The Famous Navassar Ladies' Band of New York.

Ce-Dora in the Golden Globe, the greatest Loop-the-Loop act in the world.

The Eight Mirza Golems—Acrobate direct from the Court of the Shah of Persia.

Howard's Dogs and Ponies, Rube Shields, the Comedian, C. W. Parker's Shows; and other interesting features, any of which cannot be excelled even in New York City.

Information regarding low passenger rates and special excursions to the Exhibition, may be obtained from the station agents.

ENTRIES CLOSE JUNE 19th

Send for illustrated pamphlet to
E. L. RICHARDSON, Manager
Calgary, Alta.

A King's Little Playmates

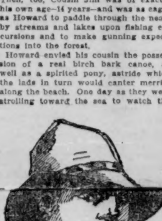
KING FREDERICK of Denmark is very fond, indeed, of his little boy and girl subjects. Rarely does he miss a chance of playing with them. And you will see from the picture that he makes an excellent playfellow, even though he is a king.

"SABLE"

HOWARD AND JIM GO OUT IN THE BOAT WITH SIM

WHEN Howard Rutherford paid his long anticipated visit to Uncle Hugh's cottage at Pleasant Point he found no enjoyment lacking. The town is situated near Halifax, on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia. From the veranda Howard could see the waves racing over the beach sands, while to the rear of the cottage stretched woods of birch, maple, spruce and pine; so that the salty breezes from the sea mingled with the fragrant, resinous odors of the forest. Then, too, Cousin Jim was of exactly his own age—14 years—and was as eager as Howard to paddle through the nearby streams and lakes upon fishing excursions and to make gunning expeditions into the forest.

Howard envied his cousin the possession of a real birch bark canoe, as well as a spirited pony, astride which the lads in turn would canter merrily along the beach. One day as they were strolling toward the sea to watch the



COUSIN JIM

fishing boats put out, he said:

"I say, Jimmy, I'm going to write father for the necessary shekels to buy a canoe and pony like you have. I think they're great!"

"Yes, they are all right," returned Jim, "but suppose you postpone the letter until we come back from this sail I think we can coax Captain Barnaby to give us."

The two, joining hands, raced across to where Captain Barnaby was supervising the repairing of a small boat.

"Going out today, Cap?" asked Jimmy.

"Aye," replied Captain Barnaby shortly.

"We're going with you, aren't we?", pursued the lad.

Without appearing to take further notice of his questioner, the old sailor pursed the short stem of an exceedingly black pipe from his mouth, and waving it in the direction of the boat, growled: "Cauls that seem good and tight, Sim, and then turn 'er over so's we kin get a look at 'er port side."

Jimmy waited patiently and was at last rewarded by finding the captain's eye resting thoughtfully upon him. A moment later the reply came forth amid a cloud of tobacco smoke:

"Pervided yer parents are willin', young man, to have yuh venshure on the briny."

"Oh, that's all right," Jimmy reassured him. "Come along!" he shouted, clapping Howard on the back and dragging him toward the fishing smack Saucy Minerva, which lay moored in a sheltered cove beyond.

"You see," Jimmy explained, "the captain is just back from fishing on the Banks, and now since Bill Garrett is home sick and Lem Griffin's hurt his leg, he can't put off on a long trip short-handed; so he's making short voyages until the two men are replaced."

OFF TO THE BANKS

Once on board, Jimmy, who seemed thoroughly at home, showed Howard over the smack. Soon they were joined by Captain Barnaby and Sim, and the crew quickly got the boat under way.

Far from shore sailed the Saucy Minerva, until she was over the banks and submerged reefs, where swarm those tiny sea folk, the animalcules, which the herring find so tempting and gobbling up their weaker brethren, the herring.

But after trawling for a few hours the captain seemed dissatisfied with his luck, and signaled for the return of the small boats. When all were aboard he again set sail, and, in response to Jimmy's query, muttered:

"Think I'll try over there 'round Sable Island. We're not makin' out well here."

Just when the lads could faintly distinguish among the dark clouds of fog what looked like a dozen low-lying hummocks in relief against the horizon, Captain Barnaby brought the boat to, graciously explaining that they were then over Sable Island Banks, near to that part known as George's Bank, where the usual depth of shoals (from thirty to seventy fathoms)was much decreased, as was made evident by the thundering roar of the breakers beyond.

DRIVEN BY GALE

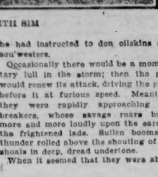
"And the land over there," said he, "is Sable Island, shaped like a bow, with a hollow in its north side."

Jimmy begged to be allowed to go out in a yawl. The captain finally consented, so Jimmy and Howard lowered themselves into Sim's boat, where they could watch Sim float his trawling lines over the fishing ground. They were some distance away from the Minerva, when suddenly there came fitful puffs of wind.

"A storm!" exclaimed Sim anxiously. He took another look at the sky and then pulled like mad for the smack. But before he had rowed many boat-lengths the gale was upon them. Rain, fiercely driven by the wind, pelted the three. A thick mist had risen, hiding the Saucy Minerva from view. Sim had shipped his oars, and now lay in the bottom of the boat with the boys, whom he had instructed to don oilskins and sou'westers.

Occasionally there would be a momentary lull in the storm; then the gale would renew its attack, driving the yawl before it at furious speed. Meantime they were rapidly approaching the breakers, whose savage roars burst more and more loudly upon the ears of the frightened lads. Suffer booms of thunder rolled above the shouting of the shoals in deep, dread undertone.

When it seemed that they were about



"CAP" BARNEY

to be hurled into a boiling cauldron, inhabited by shrieking demons of the sea, the boat was seized aloft and pitched like a cockleshell hither and thither upon giant waves crested with flying spume. Then began a frightful passage toward the shore, as tumultuous as it was brief. With terrific force the yawl was dashed upon the beach, when occurred an instant's respite in the fury of the pursuing waves. Sim was equal to the occasion.

"Up the beach!" he yelled hoarsely, flinging the lads from the boat. Struggling desperately with the waves, which already sought to drag them back, they staggered over the sand, at last finding refuge beyond the water line.

But even here great danger threatened. Masses of loose sand, swirled along by the tempest, would like to have engulfed them as in a sea. While they pressed blindly forward, seeking shelter, a pounding of hoofs was heard close by. They turned to find beside them a stalwart man, clothed in oilskins and mounted on a sturdy pony.

Drummer of the Blues

CAPTAIN BEAUCOURT, a soldier of Vendee, was by no means idle during his furlough. Forced home because of a severe wound, no sooner did the conflict begin to center about his native town than he rose quickly to his feet and began directing the remaining defendants of the village, to the aid of which, fortunately, came several regiments of regulars. Today for six hours he had been fighting, so that now he was obliged to rest. Seated outside the inn, where he could have some view of the engagement, he calmly puffed on his pipe.

As the innkeeper brought a mug of ale, he said to the officer: "Captain, our men have charged the Blues and routed them. There remains but a handful of the enemy, sheltered by a ruined wall at the end of the lane.

MADE THE DRUMMER CAPTIVE

Doubtless they would retreat, too, were it not for a drummer who keeps persistently beating the 'Advance,' and so encourages his men."

The captain whistled, whereupon his own son, whom he had recruited as a town defender, came running.

"Jean," ordered the captain, "I want you to find some men and to clean out the Blues from the other end of the village."

The boy—he was only 15 years old—proudly darted away upon his commission. Soon the captain heard the firing of muskets. A few minutes passed, then a soldier appeared dragging a drummer boy of the Blues.

"Our prisoner, sir," reported the man, "and one who doesn't observe the rules of honorable warfare. There wasn't another Blue in back of that wall, but this chit of a boy rolled and thumped away on his drum in order to deceive us and draw our pursuit from the fleeing enemy."

"Humph! that means death for him," curtly responded the captain. "Have a firing squad summoned as soon as possible."

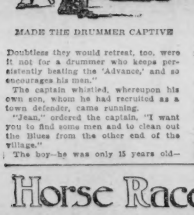
"Pardon me, captain," the brave drummer boy interrupted, smiling as though the whole proceeding were a joke, "but couldn't you spare me a drink of something? I'm very thirsty."

"You won't feel thirsty when you're dead, which will be quite shortly," brutally replied the captain. The truth was, he didn't relish the trick played upon him by the little drummer, and in consequence, was in a beastly humor.

Just then the innkeeper approached. "Captain," said he, "there's—there's—"

"Go on," the officer exclaimed impatiently.

The landlord continued, after some hesitation: "Some of the young fellows out there tell me your son was rather badly shot in making to one of our own men. In fact, they're here



For an instant the captain's mouth unsteadily. But quickly recovering himself, he commanded:

"Have them bring him to me."

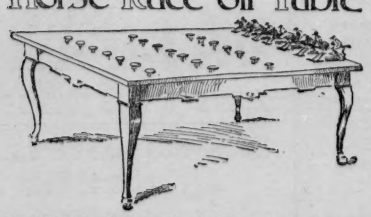
From around the corner of the inn appeared several youths carrying their burden upon a rough board. They laid the board, with that which lay upon it, at the officer's feet and then silently withdrew.

A long time the captain gazed on the face of his boy—now dead!

Looking about him in a dazed manner, he perceived a 15-year-old drummer boy still standing with his captor.

"I've changed my mind about that execution," said Captain Beaucourt quietly; "and, as we've no way here of keeping prisoners, perhaps we let him go without the usual parole."

Horse Race on Table



THERE'S lots of fun and excitement in watching a horse race. And it is possible for you to have one in your own home.

The horses—most any number—can be made from pasteboard and wood by the employment of a little skill. For the race course, use the level top of a light table. Glue little blocks of wood to its surface, for obstacles in the course.

If you rock the table gently from side to side, after placing the horses at the starting point, the wee jockeys will ride their steeds toward the end of the course. Some will be stopped by obstacles, and some will travel faster than others, so that it will be difficult as well as interesting to pick the winner.

King Edward's Little Boy Friend

WHILE the king of England was taking tea one afternoon with a party of friends in the Belleview Gardens of Marienbad, he observed a curly haired little boy, with bare brown legs, playing nearby. King Edward is very fond of boys and girls, and he offered the little fellow a piece of cake from the royal table. The boy drew near. Then, becoming seized with bashfulness, ran away to his nurse.

But the king persisted. Placing the cake on a plate, he pushed it over to the edge of the table and beckoned the youngster to approach. Finally, the boy's liking for cake triumphed over his shyness. He came slowly to the table and hurriedly darted away with his prize.

Presently he returned with the plate. "Thank you," said he to the king.

"Most welcome," replied the king, holding out his hand. The boy shook it and then ran away.

When the king was about to leave the gardens, the boy saw him, and, recognizing him as the gentleman who had given him the cake, broke away from his horrified nurse and ran after King Edward, until he finally overtook him.

"Good-bye!" cried he. "The cake was very good."

His majesty rested a hand on the curly head. "Good-bye," said he, kindly and with a smile.

Unexpected Answer.

A school teacher was trying to have her pupils understand the meaning of the word "outlet." Seeking an illustration, she asked:

"Now, Daily Jones, tell me what it is about which my face and hands are covered."

With startling promptness came the reply, "Freckles."

"RANKERS" HAVE RISEN

REMARKABLE CASES OF PROMOTION IN THE ARMY.

Deeds of Bravery Won for Those Privates the Proud Title of General.

It is may not be literally true that the British soldier carries a Field-Marshal's baton in his knapsack, he may at least indulge in dreams of the day when he will be able to look down on a mere colonel from the loftier eminence of a General, as many another "ranker" has done before him.

If he doubts this possibility, we need only remind him that Colonel W. E. Peyton, D.S.O., who recently was gazetted Brigadier-General of the Meerut Cavalry Brigade, did his first drill as a full-blown private in the 7th Dragoons twenty-three years ago, just two years before he won a commission; and that Brigadier-General Robertson, C.B., D.S.O., who was recently promoted to that rank, has also climbed from the lowest rung of the Army ladder.

GRAND OLD "WILLIE M'BEAN"

And what these men have done others have achieved, and still others will achieve. When "Willie" M'Bean—a barefooted, shock-headed, awkward Scots lad—took his shilling and enlisted in the 93rd Highlanders, he would have laughed till he cried if anyone had told him that one day he would be a General. Probably he would have punched the prophet's head for his pains; but, all the same, Willie lived to be addressed as "General M'Bean, V.C.," and richly deserved his honors.

He gave such an excellent account of himself in the Crimea that he returned home a lieutenant and hero, very much to his embarrassment. "Ye maun still ca' me 'Willie,'" he begged of his humble Scots friends; and "Willie" he always was to his last day. At Lucknow Willie surprised even himself, and the enemy still more; for when eleven of the fiercest mutineers got him in a corner and set to work to make mincemeat of him he was put right on his mettle, and polished off the entire eleven, one at a time.

AN IRISH HERO.

Luke O'Connor was an Irish lad of seventeen when he first donned the Queen's uniform as private in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, little dreaming that he would follow in Mr. Jonah Doosteps. A year's service saw him a sergeant; and four years later he won a commission in the Crimea. It was in the Battle of the Alma River that the gallant young Irishman had his first chance of having the stuff he was made of. When Ensign Anstruther, who was carrying the colors, fell mortally wounded, O'Connor seized them and bore them gallantly through the thickest of the fight, though the blood was streaming from a severe bullet-wound in his cheek. To orders and entreaties to go to the rear to have his wound seen to he turned a deaf ear. He would die on his legs rather than trust the colors to any other man; and, faint and reeling from loss of blood, he carried them till the last shot was fired.

For this act of gallantry he received his commission, the first step of the ladder up which he later climbed to the rank of Major-General.

A FATHER OF SOLDIERS.

More remarkable still was the career of Joseph Brome, who as a lad of twelve, rattled the drum in the Royal Regiment of Artillery, stationed in the Island of Minorca. Joseph rose through every grade until he was dubbed Lieutenant-General; and, when he died, left behind him a son and a grandson, each of whom reached the same enviable goal.

But the most remarkable of all these ex-ranker Generals was undoubtedly John Elley, a charity schoolboy, who left the tan pits to wear the King's uniform in a corps of Horse Guards. And it was lucky for him that he did so; for he proved as capable a soldier that he rose rapidly to full General's rank. He was Wellington's most trusted adviser at Waterloo, was knighted by George III., sat for Windsor at Westminster, and his virtues are perpetuated on a marble tablet above his last resting-place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.—London Tit-Bits.

True Stories of Dogs

IF you could travel through Germany and Austria down into the little country of Servia and visit its small army, you would be surprised to find there some very interesting ancient customs still carefully observed.

One of these customs is to have the big regimental drum drawn by a powerful dog. It rests on a two-wheeled cart, behind which the drummer marches and beats the drum with far greater ease than if he were also carrying its full weight from his shoulders.

The dog is trained to keep its place even in a long and tedious march.

Watchdogs now help to guard the treasures of the Louvre.

There are over 10,000,000 depositors in the savings banks of Germany.

Sister Jane's New Hat

WHEN I go out with Sister Jane,
It will not matter if the rain
Comes suddenly a-pouring down
While we are walking round the town.

For sister's hat is bigged far
Than daddy's big umbrellas are;
And I just know I won't get wet
If underneath her hat I get!

ELSIE PARRISH.

Mrs. Mater: "Have you seen Mr. Pater's son since he got home from college?" Daughter: "Yes, ma; saw him last night." Mrs. M.: "Has he improved much?" Daughter: "Awfully. He's got a moustache."

A set of dominoes can be combined in 284,328,211,840 different ways.

Mistress: "Your cold's very bad, Jane. Are you doing anything for it?" Jane: "Oh, yes, m'm. The chemist have giv' me some cremonlated stincture of Queen Anne."

Before going in for politics a physician should feel the public pulse.

Over 300,000,000 passengers were carried on the railways of India last year.

KING OF SPAIN'S CLOTHES.

The young King of Spain was indifferent about his dress until he was married, but the Queen is fond of good clothes and insists that he shall be particular. He goes to many of the King's tailors and has breakfast, and some of his friends say he imitates King Edward's style of dress. Of his dress uniforms he is especially proud of the costume of a German infantry colonel.

MAN, POOR MAN!

Mrs. Flutter—Mrs. Crabapple says her husband kisses her goodbye every morning of his life.

Mr. Flutter—I often wondered what gave him that sour expression.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

I Took Pe-ru-na.

Peruna Drug Co., Columbus Ohio.

Gentlemen:—I can cheerfully recommend Peruna as an effective cure for coughs and colds.

You are authorized to use my photo with testimonial in any publication.

Mrs. Joseph Hall Chase.
604 Tenth St., Washington, D.C.

Could Not Smell Nor Hear.

Mrs. A. L. Wetzel, 1020 Ohio St., Terre Haute, Ind., writes:

"When I began to take your medicine I could not smell, nor hear a church bell ring. Now I can both smell and hear.

"When I began your treatment my head was terrible. I had buzzing and chirping noises in my head.

"I followed your advice faithfully and took Peruna as you told me. N I might say I am well.

I want to go and visit my mo and see the doctor who said I was not long for this world. I will tell him it was **Peruna that cured me.**"

Peruna is manufactured by The Peruna Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1903.

KNEW FOR A CERTAINITY.

There is something so honest and bold in the self-criticism of a man who appreciates his own virtues that it may well appal the soul unaccustomed to confidence.

A well-known gentleman reviewing a corps of cavalry, suddenly stopped before a splendid-looking fe , and asked abruptly:—

"Which is the best horse in the regiment, my man?"

"Number Forty, sir."

"What makes you think that he is the best horse?"

"He walks, trots, and gallops well, is a good leaper, has no vice, no blemish, carries his head well, is in his prime."

"And who is the best soldier in the regiment?"

"Tom Bodgers, sir."

"Why?"

"Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, tidy, takes good care of his equipment and his horse, and does his duty well."

"And who is the rider of the best horse?"

"Tom Bodgers, sir."

"And who is Tom Bodgers?"

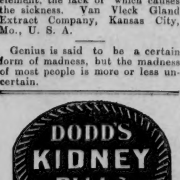
"I am, sir."

The general could not help laughing, but he gave $5 to his informant.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOUR CHILD?

Is it stunted physically, undeveloped mentally? Let us tell you how to overcome all abnormal conditions by the use of the Glandular secretions that we recover from the glands of young, healthy sheep. It is a physiological medicine and we are gladdening thousands of mothers' hearts every day. We cure all diseases, infantile and adult. Write to us for our illustrated Blue Book, which will be sent to you free. Describe to us in your own way t what your symptoms are and physician will take up the matter with you. We furnish the element, the lack of which causes the sickness. Van Vleck Gland Extract Company, Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A.

Genius is said to be a certain form of madness, but the madness of most people is more or less uncertain.



MODERN WITCHCRAFT.

Story of an Incantation Told in an English Court.

In defending an action brought in the Crediton (Devon) County Court recently by a grocer named Ford to recover £2 for goods supplied, Edith Patten, a single woman, gave an extraordinary reason for not paying the debt.

When in the shop on one occasion, she said, Mrs. Ford offered her a cupful of tea, and while she was drinking it Mrs. Ford's daughter pronounced the following incantation:—

"Make them hot and make them swell, make them thin, walk them away and work them away. Put it in the arms and in the legs and in the feet. Put it in the face; fill up with neuralgia, toothache and more. Her have drinked it. Her have drinked it very well and don't know what her have drinked and will go to her grave."

In the evening, said Miss Patten, she became very hot and thirsty, so thirsty that she drank three quarts of tea and half a breakfast cupful of vinegar. She felt faint and dizzy, and was ill for some days.

The Judge—Do you believe that they bewitched you? I don't believe in anything of the sort, but I am getting thinner.

Judgment was given for the plaintiff.

AT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Scene: A Sunday-school—boys' class—young lady in command.

"Now, my boys," said she, "I want each of you to subscribe something towards the mission to the Caribees. I shall hand round the box, and as each of you contributes you will, I hope, say some appropriate text. No one must give more than a penny. Now, Charlie, you should show a good example."

Whereupon a ruddy-faced urchin stepped forward, dropped in his coin, and observed:—

"It is better to give than to receive."

Then another contributed a copper, saying:—

"Waste not, want not."

This was ruled somewhat out of order, but it was fairly capped by a third youngster, who solemnly parted with his penny with extreme reluctance, for as he dropped it into the box, he murmured out:—

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

SLEEPING DRAUGHTS AND SOOTHING MIXTURES.

A wise mother will never give her little one a sleeping draught, soothing mixture or opiate of any kind except upon the advice of a competent doctor, who has seen the child. All these things contain deadly poison. When you give your baby or young child Baby's Own Tablets you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or narcotic, and therefore cannot possibly do harm—but always do good. Mrs. Geo. M. Kempt, Carleton Place, Ont., says:—"I have given Baby's Own Tablets to my baby since he was two weeks old. He was a very small, thin baby, but thanks to the Tablets he is now a big, fat, healthy boy." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Manhattan, New York, is the most densely populated island in the world. It has a population of over 99,000 persons to the square mile.

To Know is to Prevent.—If the miners who work in co'd water most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil they would escape muscular rheumatism and render their nether limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to the cold. Those setting out for mining regions would do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.

Magistrate (about to commit for trial)—"You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way—in fact, with quite exceptional cunning." Prisoner (deprecatingly)—"No flattery, yer honor—no flattery, I begs on yer."

A Bore's Long Sojourn, in which there is no optimism, opens gone throat and sore lungs, so it allays the inflammation and rids you of the mucous that stops up the air passages. 25c, 50c, $1.00 bottles.

DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.

"Oh, Jack, have you seen father?"

"Yes; I have come straight here from his office."

"And did he give his consent?"

"I couldn't quite make that out. He seemed disinclined to commit himself definitely."

"Why, what did he say?"

"He didn't say anything at all."

"Did you ask him?"

"I said, 'Sir, I wish to marry your daughter. Have I your consent?' He turned, and looked at me a minute. Then he began to grow red in the face, and then he grabbed me and threw me over the banisters, and before I could ask him again he had slammed his door and locked it; but he didn't say anything either way."

ATTENDED BY FIVE DOCTORS

BUT GOT NO RELIEF UNTIL HE USED DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Wonderful Cure of A. F. Richard, Who was Tortured by Rheumatism and Kindred Pains, Sets Kent County Talking.

St. Ignace, Kent Co., N. B., Jan. 4 (Special)—After being tortured for four years with Backache, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints and Pains in the Loins, and getting no relief from five doctors whom he called in, Mr. Antoine F. Richard, a well-known farmer living near here, is spreading the good news that he is once more a well man, and that he owes his cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Speaking of his wonderful cure Mr. Richard says:—

"I was a helpless man in July, 1907. For four years I had endured the greatest torture from Backache, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints and Pains in the Loins. I had dark circles under my eyes, my head ached and I was often dizzy. I was attended by five doctors, but not one of them could help me.

"Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and after the first few doses I began to improve. I used four boxes in all and now I am working every day on the farm a well man. I owe my wonderful cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else."

There is no case or kind of Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

SAFETY.

"Papa, what is a safety match?" Mr. Henpecked (looking carefully to see if his wife is within hearing)—A safety match, son, is when a baldheaded man marries an armless woman.

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain of mind or body wearing you down? Have you been discouraged, too, but learned how to cure yourself? Want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for the time cost of a postage stamp. Write your letter to-day confidently. Write to-day for my free treatment.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes every trace of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

Something More than a Purgative—To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, where other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative powers, enters into their composition.

Clarence: "Miss Sharpun has brains enough for two, by Jove!" Florence: "Then why don't you marry her, Clarence?"

For Chilblains, Frost Bites, Bruises, Sprains, nothing equals the famous old remedy, Perry Davis' Painkiller. Keep a bottle always on hand. Equally good to check Chills and break up Colds. At all druggists.

A professor was reproving a student for his idleness, when the latter said:—"It's no use finding fault; I was cut out for a loafer." "Well," replied the professor, surveying him from head to foot, "whoever cut you out understood his business thoroughly."

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognize' remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

Inquiring lady: "How much milk does your cow give a day?" Truthful Boy: "Bout eight quarts, lady." Inquiring Lady: "And how much of that do you sell?" Truthful Boy: "Bout twelve quarts, lady."

CELERY KING

Don't lie awake nights, nervous and feverish. Ten to one your sleeplessness is caused by a torpid liver. A few days' treatment with Celery King, the tonic-laxative, will make your nights restful and strengthening. 25 cents, at druggists or by mail. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

Ten to One

INDEBTED.

As a pleasant-faced woman passed the corner Harris touched his hat to her and remarked to his companion:

"Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman."

"Your mother?" was the query.

"No, my landlady."

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

"My friends," said a temperance lecturer, lowering his voice to an impressive whisper, "if all the publis houses were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the result?" And the answer came, "Lot's of people would get drowned."

An Inheritance of weak lungs is a serious handicap, but Allen's Lung Balsam, taken at the first sign of a cough, cures instantly forms the hereditary defect. Don't trifle with unknown cure-alls.

Milligan (a new warder), to prisoner canning a disturbance: "Hi, you in there, stop that row, or I'll speak to the Guv'nor and have ye chucked out into the street!"

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitution, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. At the first sight of derangement use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

Englishman (in British Museum): "This book, sir, was once owned by Cicero." American Tourist: "Pshaw! that's nothing. Why, in one of our American museums we have the lead pencil with which Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the Ark."

Put up in 21 Yard Rolls. The famous "The D & L" Menthol Plasters, which cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, neuralgia, etc., are always put up in one yard rolls for physicians and family use. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

IMPOSSIBILITY.

It is impossible for a woman to understand how any man can have so much money that he doesn't know what to do with.

Shopkeeper: "Is there anything else I can send you, sir? What would you say to a piece of this cheese?" Customer: "I wouldn't care to say anything to it. It might answer me back!"

The Agony of Piles

ONLY those who suffer from piles know the misery it brings! It robs life of its pleasure, steals the bright ness from existence, and substitutes days of dull pain and moments of acute agony! Most so called "remedies" give ease only for a time, and then—back comes the trouble and pain and misery! Zam-Buk cures Piles! And cures permanently. Proof of this lies all around you. Women and men in all stations of life have proved it—possibly some of your friends! Let it cure you!

Mrs. Wm. Hughes, of 253, Hochelaga St., Hochelaga, Montreal, says:—"I was a sufferer for years from blind, itching and protruding piles. The agony I suffered no one knows. Remedy after remedy proved useless. Day followed day and there was no relief for me—pain, loss of strength, coldness, misery. This was my experience until Zam-Buk was introduced. I know now that there is nothing on this earth like it! It cured me of piles, and once cured, I have had no return of the evil. I would like all women who suffer as I did to know that Zam-Buk will cure them!

Besides being a specific for piles Zam-Buk cures eczema, blood-poisoning, crushed or chapped hands, ulcers, cuts, burns, bruises, scalp sores, ringworm, bad leg, fruit bite, cold sores, and all skin disorders and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at 50 c. box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto for price.

Zam-Buk

Razor Sharpener.

Do not throw away your razors in buying a new Razor because your old one will not work, but buy a cake of our "Perfection Razor Paste," which will keep your Razor in perfect cutting condition, and with care will last you a lifetime. If your Hardware or Drug Dealer does not handle this, send us 25c. and we will forward same post paid.

CANADA HONE COMPANY,
Wawanesa, Man.

We Guarantee 9 Per Cent.

INTEREST ON YOUR MONEY

AND GIVE YOU ACTUAL CASH SECURITY

Why draw only three in the Savings Bank? Your money can always be withdrawn by giving one week's notice. Interest paid monthly. No delays. WRITE US.

PATRIARCHE & COMPANY

BROKERS

Standard Stock Exchange Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

CALVES Raise Them Without Milk. Booklet Free. Steele Briggs Seed Co., Ltd., Toronto

HOME BUILDERS:

If you are looking for an ideal home, where sunshine, fruit and flowers abound it can be found in the famous Fraser River Valley. Free booklet and information from Publicity Association, New Westminster, B.C.

10 LOVELY POSTALS 25c. SILK Floral with Greetings and Your Name beautifully frosted, Perfumed Satin, Easter, Valentine, Love Shells of Ocean, &c. N.B.—This advertisements will not appear again in this paper. Please send 10c. for our prize list and beautiful samples.

American Pub. Co., Clintonville, Conn.

HOUSEKEEPERS

Supplied and wanted in all parts of Canada and U. S. Inform us confidentially just what you want and we can help you solve the question. Address Box 30, Ann Arbor, Mich.

RAW FURS.

Shipments to us this year, to date, almost double last year. FISHER'S A REASON. Over two hundred trappers and shippers who had previously shipped elsewhere have been added to our list. WHY NOT YOU? We pay top prices, shipping expenses and trust each cause day. Price list on application.

A. & E. PIERCE & CO., MONTREAL
107 ST. PAUL ST.,

YOUR OVERCOATS

and faded Suits would look better dyed. If so sport of sum to your town, write direct Montreal. Best kid

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

A. J. PATTISON & CO.

32-35 SCOTT STREET, TORONTO.

Stock Brokers & Financial Agents

COBALT

and other stocks bought and sold on commission. Correspondence invited. Orders may be wired at our expense.

APPETISING AND NUTRITIOUS FOOD

is what every lady desires to serve at her table.

BOVRIL

is the concentrated nourishment of beef.

A little added to any kind of soup makes it more tasty and greatly increases its value as a food.

A little BOVRIL in the gravy is an improvement with roasts of all kinds.

BOVRIL IS LIQUID LIFE

BELL PIANOS

WHY DO

So many Institutions in the Dominion of Canada in selecting a Piano for their Institution select the Bell pianos? The fact that they use and prefer the Bell is evidence of distinct merit! One follows professional advice in acquiring an education, why not follow professional custom in buying Bell pianos? The only pianos with the Illimitable Quick Repeating Action.

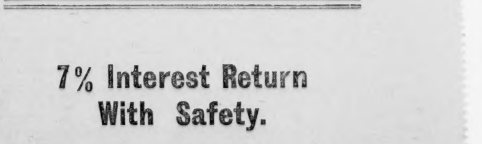
Send for (free) Catalogue No. 75.

The BELL PIANO & Organ Co., Limited GUELPH, ONTARIO.

HOTEL TRAYMORE

ON THE OCEAN FRONT.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



A magnificent ten-story fire-proof addition is just being completed, making this famous hostelry the newest and most up-to-date of Atlantic City hotels. A new feature is the unusual size of the bed rooms, averaging fifteen square.

Every room commands an ocean view, bath attached with sea and fresh water. Cheraline is every chamber. Temperature regulated by Thermostatic, the latest development in steam heating. Telephone in every room. Mail privileges. Capacity 600. Write for illustrated booklet.

CHARLES O. MARQUETTE, Manager. TRAYMORE HOTEL COMPANY, D. S. WHITE, President.

7% Interest Return With Safety.

Seldom can we advise investors to purchase a security yielding as high a rate.

We do so only after most careful investigation has proven the value of the security.

Sufficient details to permit the individual to form judgment will be furnished on request.

A. E. AMES & CO., Limited,
7 KING STREET, - TORONTO

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS

Dominion Day next Thursday.

A trainload of cattle arrived this morning for the Sugar Co.

There was a special council meeting on Wednesday evening last for discussion of waterworks.

The Board of Trade held a regular meeting on Thursday evening, a report of which may be seen on page one.

Special notice to farmers. Buy your Mowing Machines and all other implements of James Hawkins. Cut prices in wagons.

Mr. and Mrs. David Elton, of Lethbridge, have accepted an invitation to attend the celebration here on Dominion Day.

Raymond baseball nine go to Cardston on Thursday next. Success to them. Magrath comes here on the 4th.

King Bros have a bagain counter this week consisting of remnants. Be sure to call and see it. Some good snaps available.

See the line of fresh fruit at the Model, consisting of peaches, plums and tomatoes, bananas strawberries and cherries.

Last week the citizens of Edmonton voted for Sunday street cars. The by-law carried by a large majority.

Frank Brown has had his store painted over this week. C. H. Smith done the job and it presents a very neat appearance.

Have your flags and bunting ready for Dominion day. Be sure and have your houses and stores decorated.

Mr. Chris. Nilsson, recently purchased 80 acres of land near Stirling, and formerly owned by Mr. J. T. Smellie.

School closes to-day. The several examinations are being held this week. Some of the teachers are leaving for their respective homes to-morrow.

The Jolly Pulls Co. open an engagement at the opera house to-night and to-morrow evening. The show consists of hypnotism and interesting vaudeville acts.

President H. S. Allen and W. H. Redd, were in Lethbridge on Sunday last and held a service for the Latter Day Saints at the home of John Silver.

Don't forget the grand patriotic concert in the Opera House on Wednesday evening next. Be sure to tell your friends about it. In another column may be seen the program.

It is estimated by the Dominion census bureau, that the three prairie provinces have a population of about 1,107,625 people. Alberta has 27,412 of this number.

Go Mok has recently purchased the restaurant and grocery business from Frank Brown on First street he having taken it over this week. Frank purposes leaving town at an early date for England, where he will take an education course.

See the display of Oxfords and Clothing in the window at King Bros. Look at the cut prices. Positively 20 per cent off all Oxfords and Clothing in the store A sure money saver this is for the Raymond public.

We are in receipt of a sheet of music issded by the Star Music Co. of Toronto, and recently composed by Mrs. Nilsson of our town. It is entitled "The Commercial Man's Life," and is certainly a credit to the author.

A pitiful case is recorded in the daily papers of a lady coming to Edmonton recently, carrying two children with her, she having walked some 75 miles to the city seeking employment. She was almost dead from exhaustion

Big Sale at King Bros. 20 per cent Read Ad.

All those taking part in the grand patriotic concert on June 30th, are reminded that a general rehearsal will be held in the opera house on Saturday evening. Everybody should turn out.

The steel work on the big bridge in Lethbridge was completed this week. The work has been remarkably fast, the entire time being just a half a day less than one year. The dangerous work has been singularly free from accidents, there being only one fatality, and one minor accident.

Elder Arthur Nilsson in a letter to his parents tells of his being a guest at a wedding, at which over two hundred guests were present, at Davenport, Ill. Arthur is on a mission in the Northern states, and it was certainly quite an honor for a Raymond boy to participate in such an interesting event.

Last Saturday evening, Mrs. J. T. Smellie and family arrived in Raymond from Utah. They were formerly residents of our town and have come back to live here. Mr. Smellie did not accompany them, as he has taken the arduous work of the mission field upon him, and will labor in the southern states. The many friends of Mrs. Smellie and family will be glad to learn of their return to town.

The following is the list of tenders for the erection of the Raymond district school as received by G. W. Green, secretary of the Board. The last named of Shannon and Cassidy has been accepted by the Board. Browley and Martin $18500.00; Smith Bros and Wilson 38,475.00; Cahoon and Newton 42.250.00; Rolf son and Stringham 34.642.00; Johnson and Stark 33.332.00; Shannon and Cassidy 28,832.00.

Our great family Journal is pleased to announce that on July 1st Raymond will hold a celebration "greater than has been." As most of the events are open to the world, the great Canadian dailies, as a special favor to their patrons, have been granted the privilege of publishing the program. This privilege has been extended to several small local papers such as the Lethbridge Herald.

Next Sunday, the 27th inst. being "Patriotic Day," an interesting programme shall be rendered in connected with the Sabbath school of the Presbyterian Church. At 2.30 p.m. Rev. J. J. Baker, M.A., superintendent shall deliver an appropriate address, subject "Canada for Christ." All parents and friends are cordially invited to be present. In the evening a patriotic service shall be held in the church at the usual hour. Subject "How righteousness exalts a nation.

On Friday last the Raymond baseball nine journeyed to Cardston to play the nine of that town, and as we reported last week our boys won by a score of 13-5. On the way back on Saturday the Reds stayed in Magrath to play the Garden boys and were beat to the tune of 13-7 Much dissent prevailed in town here, because arrangements had been made to play Taber here on Saturday evening and our fans thought that the boys should have come home. However, at the last moment the Taber boys backed out and our boys decided to take a round at the Garden boys. The Pioneer in a report of the game, says that $100 was taken from our boys. This is not so, as our boys only lost about $40. Turner, of Magrath, and Norton, of our town officiated with satisfaction to both teams. When Magrath come here on the 4th, our fans can look for a turn of the tables.

The following is the program that will be rendered at the grand patriotic concert to be given on Wednesday evening next:

Prayer, by Chaplain, J. P. Christensen.
Music (Old Ireland) by Band.
Speech, Dominion Day, by Miss Canada.
Chorus "Britania's Sons" by Glee Club.
Recitation 'Our Union Jack' Jack Canuck.
Ladies Chorus 'the Golden West.'
Stump speech, John Wall.
Piano solo, Transcription on Old Black Joe. Mrs. E. Tollestrup
The tent scene, 'Brutus and Cassus,' by J. Anderson and G. Brewerton.
Music 'Star of Hope' by Band.
Monologue poem 'Jerry the Tramp' H. Craven.
Vocal solo, 'In Old Madrid' W. Rouse.
Humorous recitation by Miss Pearl Bennett.
Song and Chorus, 'Commercial Man's Life,' by C. Strong and Company.
Banjo solo, by J. Burrows.
Recitation 'Lady Hildaguard' Mary Hide.
National Song, 'Maple Leaf Forever' by Band and Chorus.

Her Own Selection.

Through oceans of remnants and ribbons the puffing big woman towed the meek little man.

"What in the world shall I send her, John?" she blustered. "Come, suggest something that would please Aunt Betsy. Something inexpensive. Why don't you say something?"

"Stationery, books or workboxes," suggested the meek little man.

"Nothing of the kind. You couldn't select a present for the ashman. I will look at some of those fancy boxes of soap."

They were before the soap counter, and she had her finger on an elaborate box containing six round cakes of white soap.

"Fancy and perfumed!" she said, lifting a cake. "The very thing that would please her the most. You may wrap that up, miss!"

"But, my dear," protested the meek little man.

"You just keep quiet. I don't care for any suggestions from a person without taste."

"Really"—

"Keep quiet, John Arbuckle!"

It seemed as if her voice had penetrated every corner of the great store, and the little man shrank away in mortification.

* * * * * * *

"Well, John, what did she say about the little gift? Something nice, I know."

"She returned it."

"What?"

"Yes; you will find a note in the box."

She unfolded the missive and read:

"Niece—I return the box of shaving soap. I am a little too old to appreciate the joke of being called the 'Bearded Lady.' Your Aunt Betsy."

Fate of Old Overcoats.

"Where do the old overcoats go?" is a query that is a natural successor to the old riddle, "Where do the flies go in winter?" The old overcoats seem somehow to fade away, no one knows just how. The overcoat starts its career on the back of its owner, who paid $45 for it. It keeps him warm and shelters him from cold winds and from storms until it commences to get frayed at the edges and the pockets are torn down the sides. Then the owner uses the coat for rainy days only, and no more does he take it to call on his fiancee or to recline on the back of a chair while he is reading at the club. He keeps it another summer, and the moths get into it, and when he takes it out in the fall it has holes here and there. So the owner gives it to the janitor, if the janitor is not a cold, haughty man, and the janitor wears it awhile until his wife gives it to the tramp who wheeled out the three barrels of ashes. The tramp wears it until the old coat commences to fall apart. Then he gives it to another tramp, and it falls apart still more. And then some day the coat has entirely disappeared. No one knows how or when. The coat just simply faded away. That's all anybody knows about it.

OLD CHIEF CAFE
L. N. Rose & C. D. Fox, Props.

Have you Visited our Cafe lately?
We have put in a Fresh, new and up-to-date Stock of the Best Confectionery
Have you tried our Ice Cream?
It is the Best Make in town. Our make is considered the best by those who know

Our Restaurant is open day and night. Meals the best in town. Catering a specialty

Mercantile Co., Limited

Now Showing all the Latest and Smartest Novelties for
DOMINION DAY

Flags in all Sizes and Prices. Decorations of all Kinds.

Ladies' Wash waists in Muslin, Net and Silk from 75c. to $8.00. Ladies' White Underskirts at all Prices. Beautiful Rushing Silk Underskirts in black, navy brown, mytle, sky pink, cream $6, $7 50

Ladies' and Children's Parasols large stock to choose from. 50c to $5.00

Children's Cutton Dresses well made all sizes. Boys Wash Suits large selection, prices low. Ladies New Oxfords, latest styles. Call and See them.

Raymond Mercantile Company
LIMITED

Raymond's Big Departmental Store

Big Reduction Sale at this Store

20 Per Cent Off all our Clothing and Oxfords

This Offer Until July 1st, Only

This is one best sales ever put on Ladies' and Children's Oxfords, Best Quality, going at Low Prices. Also the big Reduction on Men's Clothing and Oxfords. Latest styles and Cuts.

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